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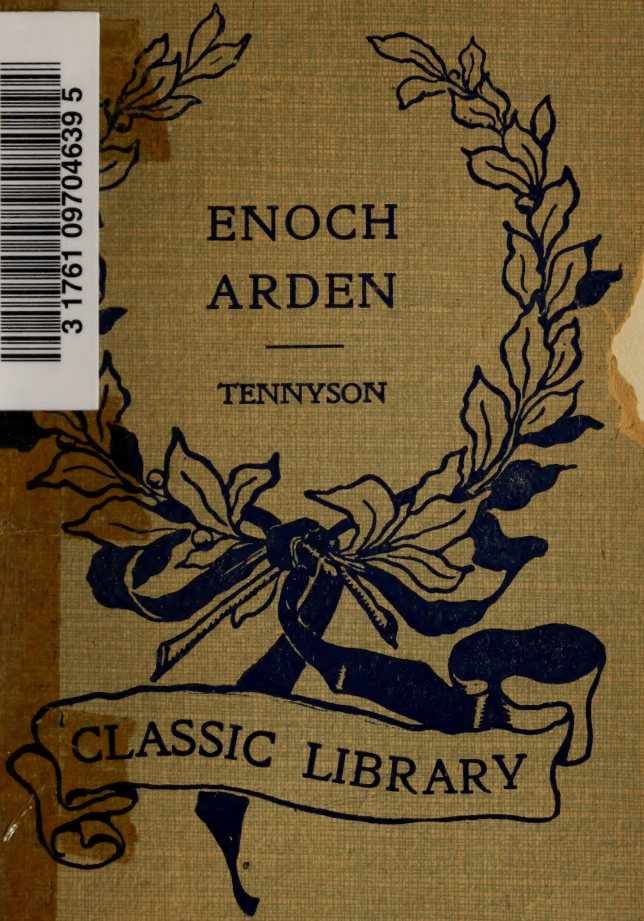
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ENOCH  
ARDEN

—  
TENNYSON

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# ENOCH ARDEN

BY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

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WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

M. A. EATON, B. A.

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## INTRODUCTION.

Wordsworth pronounced Tennyson decidedly the greatest of our living poets, and although this, unfortunately can no longer be said of him, whatever rank future generations may assign him among Victorian poets, he is certainly the most representative of them all, the poet who has most fully expressed the intellectual and spiritual difficulties of our time.

Like his great predecessor, Alfred Tennyson was born in the country and passed most of his life in the most secluded haunts of nature, with books for his chief friends and companions. His father and mother were both well born and both were singularly gifted in many directions. They lived at Somersby, a tiny village of Lincolnshire, where the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson was rector of the church. Here Alfred was born, August 6, 1809.

His early life was well adapted to develop the boy's sensitive poetic nature. Somersby is in the midst of a beautiful country of sloping hills and fertile valleys beyond which the Lincolnshire wolds, "wide, wild

and open to the air," stretch away to meet the shining waters of the Humber.

Calm and still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms and lessening towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main.

His brothers and sisters were all congenial and began to make poetry before they could talk, and many a delightful evening was spent in the rectory in making rhymes and romances. When only five, Alfred is said to have shouted to the wind, when out in a storm:

I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind.

Thus he grew up a shy, sensitive boy, who lived chiefly in a world of his own imagination, and whose greatest delight was poring over the pages of Byron and Chaucer, or tuning his pipes with Theocritus and riding to battle with the Knights of the Round Table.

Alfred and his brother Charles were sent to a grammar school at Louth, a town about twenty miles from Somersby, and here they published together a little volume of poems, called "Poems by Two Brothers," a book remarkable for its promise rather than for its achievement. In 1828, Alfred entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where at that

time many men, afterward celebrated, were in residence.

Although so shy and reticent, Tennyson showed that rare capacity for friendship which is often found in men of his temperament, whose very limitations make them more than usually dependent upon the appreciation and sympathy of their chosen comrades. Among these friends were numbered Thackeray, Spedding, Lord Houghton, Dean Trench, Frederic Maurice and, dearest of all, Arthur Henry Hallam, a young man of rarely beautiful nature and great promise.

Here Tennyson won a prize for his poem, *Timbuctoo*, and in 1830 published a thin little volume of *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, which attracted much attention in the literary world. These poems were chiefly studies in color and the skilful use of meter, but they show rare technical excellence and a feeling for sensuous beauty akin to that of Keats. In this same year Tennyson's father died and he left Cambridge without taking a degree. At this time he is described by Edward Fitzgerald as "a man at all points, of grand proportion and feature, significant of that inward chivalry becoming his ancient and honorable race."

Two years later, in 1832, another volume of poems appeared in which the real bent of Tennyson's mind

and genius is first apparent. In it he shows himself no longer the skilful juggler with words and meters, nor a mere priest in the temple of beauty. The *Palace of Art*, which appeared in this volume, contains his real philosophy of art, in the allegory of the sinful soul who surrounded itself with everything that was fine and beautiful and appealed to its æsthetic enjoyment, only to find that it had made a glittering prison for itself, through which at last, stricken with remorse and self loathing, it hears dimly the cries of a suffering world, calling it to a new life of service and of love.

A year later the great grief of his life came to Tennyson in the sudden death of Arthur Hallam, which cast a great gloom over these years of the poet's life and forced him to consider the great problems of death and immortality, reflections which later bore fruit in *In Memoriam*. For the next ten years the young poet lived principally in London, publishing little, but meditating much and learning lessons from the great world which can never be gained in the closet, however keen and original the thinker. He made frequent journeys into the country, and wandered over Cornwall and Surrey, talking with the farmers whom he met on the road, or reading Greek seated on a wayside stone.



These years of silence and preparation were broken in 1842 by the publication of two volumes of poems, including most of the earlier work, which the poet thought worthy of being preserved, and giving evidences of increased power and development in such poems as *Ulysses*, *The Two Voices*, *Morte d'Arthur*, and *Locksley Hall*. The book was received with great favor both by critics and public and his popularity was assured.

From that date Tennyson worked with great industry, and the events of his life are chiefly the publication of his successive volumes of poems. In 1850 he was made the successor of Wordsworth as Poet Laureate, and in the same year he published *In Memoriam*. After his marriage with Miss Emily Sellwood, he made his home at Farringford in the Isle of Wight, a beautiful spot, which "seemed like a charmed palace with green walls without and speaking walls within. There hung Dante with his solemn rose and wreath; Italy gleamed over door-ways; friends' faces lined the wall; books filled the shelves, and a glow of crimson was everywhere; the great oriel drawing-room window was full of green and golden leaves, of the sound of birds and of the distant sea."

Here and at his home in Surrey the poet lived in great seclusion, but ever with an ear keenly alive to

all that was taking place in the world without. As the years passed, he recognized more and more the limitations of science and the results toward which the scientific thought of the day was tending, and while he accepted a universe, the result of evolution and law, he insisted more and more that it is spirit and not matter which is the eternal reality, that the latter is but a shadow of that

Dim, far off, divine event  
Toward which the whole creation moves.

He attained to a beautiful and tranquil old age, and death came to him at last as a friend and found him ready. He died with his finger still marking his favorite passage in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, the moonlight making a white radiance upon the earth, borne on the bosom of

Such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound or foam  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,  
Turns again home.

In his life as in his work Tennyson was supremely a poet. His very person stirred the imagination. "One of the finest looking men in the world," declared Carlyle. "A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright, laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive, yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking;

clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical metallic — fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation fine and plenteous: I do not meet, in these late decades, such company on a pipe!”

Perhaps the most marked characteristic of Tennyson's poetry is that tendency which also marks the age in which we live. It is comprehensive and enforces a wide range of thought and feeling, rather than intense and passionate. It is marked by subtle intellect, by tenderness and sympathy with many forms of life, and has “gathered all the elements which find vital expression in the complex modern art. He is equally happy in portraying the “Northern Farmer,” and stately Camelot, in telling the simple story of Dora or singing the charge of the “Light Brigade.” His style shows a wonderful adaptability, and he uses it with an instinct little short of marvelous. He can sing with the freshness and simplicity of Wordsworth, or clothe the stories of Arthur in verse as stately and perfect in structure as Milton; he can write the most exquisite lyrics like those in *In Memoriam*, and express intricate thought in verse so subtle that it seems transparently clear; he has the rich beauty of Keats with a tenderness and grace and a power of restraint which Keats

had not; he possesses as keen a sense for the rhythm, the ebb and flow of verse as Swinburne, but with him the music of speech is never an end in itself, it must never weaken man's power to wrestle with the problems of life nor detract from his moral height. Tennyson's strength is not the strength which comes from reticence, nor the rugged simplicity which we find in Wordsworth; it is rather that of the man who has the capacity to feel all the complex forces at work in modern life, and a style, singularly adapted by its subtlety and elaborateness, to give them expression.

As one of his critics expresses it: "He yokes the stern vocables of the English tongue to the chariot of his imagination, and they become gracefully brilliant as the leopards of Bacchus, soft and glowing as the Cytherean doves. He must have been born with an ear for verbal sounds, an instinctive appreciation of the beautiful and delicate in words, hardly ever equaled. Though his later works speak less of the blossom-time — show less of the effervescence and iridescence, and mere glance and gleam of colored words — they display no falling off, but rather an advance in the mightier elements of English speech."

It is this intimate sympathy with his age which has given Tennyson a popularity so much greater than that of other modern poets. His power of observa-

tion was keen and true, and while he loved nature, he was more impressed by the laws which underlie her processes than Wordsworth, and the cruelty and indifference of the physical world and the "war of Time against the soul of man," are plain to him. Yet he is by no means the poet of pain and sin, for while he accepts the discoveries of science and the ugly facts of life, he is not disheartened because man ever seems to

Move upward, working out the beast,

and life is full of riches so long as men cherish in their hearts noble aspirations, and faith that all systems and laws, could we but "see to the close," are but working out a divine and beneficent purpose.

And the ear of man cannot hear,  
And the eye of man cannot see;  
But if we could see and hear, this  
Vision — were it not He?

Thus in an age of agnosticism, when the discoveries of science and the truths of religion seem at war, he bids man look into his own soul and find in its struggles and longings the witness of something higher and holier than himself:

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet,  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void  
When God hath made the pile complete.

### ENOCH ARDEN.

*Enoch Arden* was published in 1864 and was Tennyson's first serious work after finishing the *Idylls of the King*. In this and other poems of the same period he turns to the simple life of the English people of to-day and pictures their joys and sorrows with a sympathetic pen. Like Wordsworth, he shows us the dignity and beauty of the humblest lives lived in the fear of God.

Yet even when he deals with very simple themes, like the story of *Enoch Arden*, the humble fisherman and sailor, he invests the plain details with a magic cunning of words that quite transforms them. One has only to read the description of Enoch Arden plying his very prosaic trade of selling fish, or that of the tropic island, to understand this. But Tennyson was not a mere master of musical words. His mind turned naturally to noble and lofty themes. His beautiful imagery is never used to conceal pettiness of thought, and he has ever held pure ideals as well as beautiful pictures before the eyes of the English people.

# ENOCH ARDEN

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher  
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill; 5  
And high in heaven behind it a gray down  
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,  
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes  
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago, 10  
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,  
The prettiest little damsel in the port,  
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,  
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad  
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd 15  
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,  
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,  
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;  
And built their castles of dissolving sand

To watch them overflow'd, or following up 20  
And flying the white breaker, daily left  
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff;  
In this the children play'd at keeping house.  
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next, 25  
While Annie still was mistress; but at times  
Enoch would hold possession for a week:  
"This is my house and this my little wife."  
"Mine too," said Philip, "turn and turn about:"  
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger made 30  
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes  
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,  
Shriek out, "I hate you, Enoch," and at this  
The little wife would weep for company,  
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake, 35  
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,  
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun  
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart  
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love, 40  
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl  
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;



But she loved Enoch: tho' she knew it not,  
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set  
A purpose evermore before his eyes, 45  
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,  
To purchase his own boat, and make a home  
For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last  
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,  
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe 50  
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast  
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year  
On board a merchantman, and made himself  
Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life  
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming  
seas: 55  
And all men look'd upon him favorably:  
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May  
He purchased his own boat, and made a home  
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up  
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the  
mill. 60

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,  
The younger people making holiday,  
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,  
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd

(His father lying sick and needing him) 65  
 An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,  
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,  
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,  
 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face 70  
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,  
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,  
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom;  
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,  
 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life 75  
 Crept down into the hollows of the wood;  
 There, while the rest were loud in merry-  
     making,  
 Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past  
 Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,  
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years, 81  
 Seven happy years of health and competence,  
 And mutual love and honorable toil;  
 With children; first a daughter. In him woke,  
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish 85  
 To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
 And give his child a better bringing-up

Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,  
 When two years after came a boy to be  
 The rosy idol of her solitudes, 90  
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,  
 Or often journeying landward; for in truth  
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil  
 In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,  
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales, 95  
 Not only to the market-cross were known,  
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down,  
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp  
 And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,  
 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering. 100

Then came a change, as all things human  
 change.

Ten miles to northward of the narrow port  
 Open'd a larger haven: thither used  
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea;  
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast  
 In harbor, by mischance he slipt and fell: 106  
 A limb was broken when they lifted him;  
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife  
 Bore him another son, a sickly one:  
 Another hand crept too across his trade 110

Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,  
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,  
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.  
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,  
 To see his children leading evermore 115  
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,  
 And her he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd  
 "Save them from this, whatever comes to me."  
 And while he pray'd, the master of that ship  
 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance, 120  
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him,  
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,  
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?  
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,  
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the  
                   place? 125  
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,  
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd  
 No graver than as when some little cloud  
 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun, 130  
 And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife —  
 When he was gone — the children — what to do?  
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;

To sell the boat — and yet he loved her well —  
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!  
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse —  
And yet to sell her — then with what she  
brought

Buy goods and stores — set Annie forth in  
trade

With all that seamen needed or their wives —  
So might she keep the house while he was gone.  
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go 141  
This voyage more than once? yea, twice or  
thrice —

As oft as needed — last, returning rich,  
Become the master of a larger craft,  
With fuller profits lead an easier life, 145  
Have all his pretty young ones educated,  
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:  
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,  
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born. 150  
Forward she started with a happy cry,  
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;  
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,  
Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,

But had no heart to break his purposes 155  
 To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt  
 Her finger, Annie fought against his will:  
 Yet not with brawling opposition she,  
 But manifold entreaties, many a tear, 160  
 Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd  
 (Sure that all evil would come out of it)  
 Besought him, supplicating, if he cared  
 For her or his dear children, not to go.  
 He not for his own self caring but her, 165  
 Her and her children, let her plead in vain;  
 So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,  
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his  
 hand  
 To fit their little streetward sitting-room 170  
 With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.  
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home,  
 Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,  
 Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear  
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and  
 rang, 175

Till this was ended, and his careful hand —  
The space was narrow, — having order'd all  
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs  
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,  
Who needs would work for Annie to the  
    last,  
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn. 181

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell  
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,  
Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.  
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man 185  
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery  
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,  
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes,  
Whatever came to him: and then he said,  
"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God 190  
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.  
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,  
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."  
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "and he,  
This pretty, puny, weakly little one, — 195  
Nay — for I love him all the better for it —  
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees  
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,

And make him merry, when I come home again.  
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go." 200

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,  
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd  
The current of his talk to graver things,  
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,  
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl, 206  
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,  
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,  
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke, "O Enoch, you are wise;  
And yet for all your wisdom well know I 211  
That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on  
yours.

Annie, the ship I sail in passes here  
(He named the day), get you a seaman's glass, 215  
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,  
"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,



Look to the babes, and till I come again,  
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go. 220  
And fear no more for me; or if you fear  
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.  
Is He not yonder in those uttermost  
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these  
Can I go from him? and the sea is His, 225  
The sea is His: He made it."

Enoch rose,  
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,  
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;  
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept  
After a night of feverous wakefulness, 230  
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said,  
"Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the  
child  
Remember this?" and kiss'd him in his cot.  
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt  
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept 235  
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught  
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,  
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps

She could not fix the glass to suit her eye; 240  
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;  
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck  
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail  
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him; 245  
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,  
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,  
But throve not in her trade, not being bred  
To barter, nor compensating the want  
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies, 250  
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,  
And still foreboding "what would Enoch say?"  
For more than once, in days of difficulty  
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less  
Than what she gave in buying what she sold: 255  
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus  
Expectant of that news which never came,  
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,  
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew  
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it 261  
With all a mother's care: nevertheless,

Whether her business often call'd her from it  
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,  
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell 265  
What most it needed — howsoe'er it was,  
After a lingering — ere she was aware —  
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,  
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it, 270  
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace  
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),  
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.  
"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,  
May be some little comfort;" therefore went,  
Past thro' the solitary room in front, 276  
Paused for a moment at an inner door,  
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,  
Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,  
Fresh from the burial of her little one, 280  
Cared not to look on any human face,  
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept,  
Then Philip standing up said falteringly,  
"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply,

“Favor from one so sad and so forlorn      286  
 As I am!” half abash’d him; yet unask’d,  
 His bashfulness and tenderness at war,  
 He set himself beside her, saying to her:

“I came to speak to you of what he wish’d, 290  
 Enoch, your husband: I have ever said  
 You chose the best among us — a strong man:  
 For where he fixt his heart he set his hand  
 To do the thing he will’d, and bore it thro’.  
 And wherefore did he go this weary way, 295  
 And leave you lonely? not to see the world —  
 For pleasure? — nay, but for the wherewithal  
 To give his babes a better bringing-up  
 Than his had been, or yours: that was his  
                   wish

And if he come again, vext will he be      300  
 To find the precious morning hours were lost.  
 And it would vex him even in his grave,  
 If he could know his babes were running wild  
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now —  
 Have we not known each other all our lives? —  
 I do beseech you by the love you bear      306  
 Him and his children not to say me nay —  
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again,

Why then he shall repay me — if you will,  
Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do. 310  
Now let me put the boy and girl to school:  
This is the favor that I came to ask."

Then Annie with her brows against the wall  
Answer'd, "I cannot look you in the face;  
I seem so foolish and so broken down. 315  
When you came in my sorrow broke me down;  
And now I think your kindness breaks me down;  
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me;  
He will repay you: money can be repaid;  
Not kindness such as yours." 320

And Philip ask'd  
"Then you will let me, Annie?"

There she turn'd,  
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,  
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face.  
Then calling down a blessing on his head  
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,  
And passed into the little garth beyond. 326  
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,  
 And bought them needful books, and every way,  
 Like one who does his duty by his own, 330  
 Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake  
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,  
 He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,  
 And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent  
 Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,  
 The late and early roses from his wall, 336  
 Or conies from the down, and now and then,  
 With some pretext of fineness in the meal  
 To save the offence of charitable, flour  
 From his tall mill that whistled on the waste. 340

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:  
 Scarce could the woman when he came upon her  
 Out of full heart and boundless gratitude  
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.  
 But Philip was her children's all-in-all; 345  
 From distant corners of the street they ran  
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily;  
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they;  
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs  
 Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him,  
 And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd 351

As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them  
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,  
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn  
 Down at the far end of an avenue, 355  
 Going we know not where: and so ten years,  
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,  
 Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd  
 To go with others nutting to the wood, 360  
 And Annie would go with them; then they

begg'd

For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too:  
 Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,  
 Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying  
 to him,

"Come with us, Father Philip," he denied; 365  
 But when the children pluck'd at him to go,  
 He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,  
 For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,  
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
 To feather toward the hollow, all her force 371  
 Fail'd her; and sighing, "Let me rest," she said:

So Philip rested with her well-content;  
 While all the younger ones with jubilant cries  
 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously 375  
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge  
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke  
 The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away  
 Their tawny clusters, crying to each other  
 And calling, here and there, about the wood. 380

But Philip sitting at her side forgot  
 Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour  
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life  
 He crept into the shadow: at last he said,  
 Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie, 385  
 How merry they are down yonder in the wood.  
 Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.  
 "Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon her  
 hands

At which, as with a kind of anger in him,  
 "The ship was lost," he said, "the ship was lost!  
 No more of that! why should you kill yourself 391  
 And make them orphans quite?" And Annie  
 said

"I thought not of it: but — I know not why —  
 Their voices make me feel so solitary."



Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.  
“Annie, there is a thing upon my mind, 396  
And it has been upon my mind so long,  
That tho’ I know not when it first came there,  
I know that it will out at last. Oh, Annie,  
It is beyond all hope, against all chance, 400  
That he who left you ten long years ago  
Should still be living; well then — let me speak:  
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:  
I cannot help you as I wish to do  
Unless — they say that women are so quick —  
Perhaps you know what I would have you  
know — 406  
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove  
A father to your children: I do think  
They love me as a father: I am sure  
That I love them as if they were mine own; 410  
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,  
That after all these sad uncertain years,  
We might be still as happy as God grants  
To any of His creatures. Think upon it:  
For I am well-to-do — no kin, no care, 415  
No burthen, save my care for you and yours:  
And we have known each other all our lives,  
And I have loved you longer than you know.”

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:  
 "You have been as God's good angel in our  
     house. 420

God bless you for it, God reward you for it,  
 Philip, with something happier than myself.

Can one love twice? can you be ever loved  
 As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?"

"I am content," he answer'd, "to be loved 425  
 A little after Enoch." "Oh," she cried,

Scared as it were, "dear Philip, wait a while:  
 If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —  
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:

Surely I shall be wiser in a year: 430

Oh, wait a little!" Philip sadly said,

"Annie, as I have waited all my life

I well may wait a little." "Nay," she cried,

"I am bound: you have my promise — in a  
     year;

Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?" 435

And Philip answer'd, "I will bide my year."

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up  
 Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day  
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;  
 Then, fearing night and chill for Annie, rose, 440

And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.  
 Up came the children laden with their spoil;  
 Then all descended to the port, and there  
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,  
 Saying gently, "Annie, when I spoke to you, 445  
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.  
 I am always bound to you, but you are free."  
 Then Annie weeping answered, "I am bound."

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,  
 While yet she went about her household ways,  
 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words, 451  
 That he had loved her longer than she knew,  
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,  
 And there he stood once more before her face,  
 Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she  
 ask'd. 455  
 "Yes, if the nuts," he said, "be ripe again:  
 Come out and see." But she — she put him  
 off —  
 So much to look to — such a change — a month —  
 Give her a month — she knew that she was  
 bound —  
 A month — no more. Then Philip with his  
 eyes

Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice  
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,  
 "Take your own time, Annie, take your own  
 time."

And Annie could have wept for pity of him;  
 And yet she held him on delayingly 465  
 With many a scarce-believable excuse,  
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,  
 Till half another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,  
 Abhorrent of a calculation crost, 470  
 Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.  
 Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;  
 Some that she but held off to draw him on;  
 And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,  
 As simple folk that knew not their own minds;  
 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung 476  
 Like serpent eggs together, laughingly  
 Would hint at worse in either. Her own son  
 Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;  
 But evermore the daughter prest upon her 480  
 'To wed the man so dear to all of them  
 And lift the household out of poverty;  
 And Philip's rosy face contracting grew

Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on  
on her

Sharp as reproach. 485

At last one night it chanced  
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly  
Pray'd for a sign, "my Enoch, is he gone?"  
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night  
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,  
Started from bed, and struck herself a light, 490  
Then desperately seized the holy Book,  
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,  
Suddenly put her finger on the text,  
"Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to  
her:

No meaning there: she closed the Book and  
slept: 495

When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,  
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:  
"He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is  
singing

Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines  
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms  
Whereof the happy people strowing cried 501  
'Hosanna in the highest!'" Here she woke,

Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him,  
 "There is no reason why we should not wed."  
 "Then for God's sake," he answer'd, "both our  
                   sakes, 505  
 So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,  
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.  
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart.  
 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path, 510  
 She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,  
 She knew not what; nor loved she to be left  
 Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.  
 What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often  
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch, 515  
 Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew:  
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,  
 Being with child: but when her child was born,  
 Then her new child was as herself renew'd,  
 Then the new mother came about her heart,  
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all, 521  
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd  
 The ship Good Fortune, tho' at setting forth

The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook 525  
And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext  
She slipt across the summer of the world,  
Then after a long tumble about the Cape  
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,  
She passing thro' the summer world again, 530  
The breath of heaven came continually  
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,  
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought  
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,  
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes. 536

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed  
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,  
Scarce-rocking her full-busted figure-head 539  
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:  
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,  
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last  
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens  
Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came  
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all 545  
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,  
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,

These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn  
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance, 550  
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;  
 Nor save for pity was it hard to take  
 The helpless life so wild that it was tame.  
 There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge  
 They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a  
                   hut, 555  
 Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,  
 Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,  
 Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,  
 Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck, 560  
 Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.  
 They could not leave him. After he was gone  
 The two remaining found a fallen stem;  
 And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,  
 Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell 565  
 Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.  
 In those two deaths he read God's warning,  
                   "Wait."



The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns  
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,  
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes, 570  
The light flash of insect and of bird,  
The lustre of the long convolvuluses  
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran  
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows  
And glories of the broad belt of the world, 755  
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen  
He could not see, the kindly human face,  
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard  
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,  
The league-long roller thundering on the reef, 580  
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd  
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,  
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long  
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge, 585  
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:  
No sail from day to day, but every day  
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts  
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;  
The blaze upon the waters to the east; 590  
The blaze upon his island overhead;  
The blaze upon the waters to the west;

Then the great stars that globed themselves in  
 Heaven,  
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again  
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail. 595

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch  
 So still, the golden lizard on him paused,  
 A phantom made of many phantoms moved  
 Before him, haunting him, or he himself  
 Moved haunting people; things and places,  
 known 600

Far in a darker isle beyond the line;  
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,  
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,  
 The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,  
 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill 605  
 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,  
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,  
 And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,  
 Tho' faintly, merrily — far and far away — 610  
 He heard the pealing of his parish bells;  
 Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up  
 Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle

Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart  
Spoken with That, which being everywhere 615  
Lets none who speaks with Him seem all alone,  
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head  
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went  
Year after year. His hopes to see his own, 620  
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,  
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom  
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship  
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,  
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course  
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay: 626  
For since the mate had seen at early dawn  
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle  
The silent water slipping from the hills,  
They sent a crew that landing burst away 630  
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores  
With clamor. Downward from his mountain  
gorge  
Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,  
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,  
Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seem'd,  
With inarticulate rage, and making signs 636

They knew not what: and yet he led the way  
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;  
And ever as he mingled with the crew,  
And heard them talking, his long-bounden  
tongue 640

Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;  
Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took  
aboard

And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,  
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,  
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it;  
And clothes they gave him and free passage  
home; 646

But oft he work'd among the rest and shook  
His isolation from him. None of these  
Came from his country, or could answer him,  
If questioned, aught of what he cared to know.  
And dull the voyage was with long delays, 651  
The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore  
His fancy fled before the lazy wind  
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon  
He like a lover down thro' all his blood 655  
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath  
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall:  
And that same morning officers and men

Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,  
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it: 660  
Then moving up the coast they landed him,  
Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,  
But homeward — home — what home? had he  
a home? —

His home, he walk'd. Bright was that after-  
noon, 665

Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm  
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,  
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;  
Cut off the length of highway on before,  
And left but narrow breadth to left and right 670  
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.

On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped  
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze  
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:  
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom; 675  
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light  
Flared on him, and he came upon the place,

Then down the long street having slowly  
stolen,

His heart foreshadowing all calamity,  
 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home 680  
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes  
 In those far-off seven happy years were born;  
 But finding neither light nor murmur there  
 (A bill sale of gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept  
 Still downward thinking, "dead, or dead to  
                   me!" 685

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,  
 Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,  
 A front of timber-crust antiquity;  
 So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,  
 He thought it must have gone; but he was gone  
 Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane, 691  
 With daily-dwindling profits held the house;  
 A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now  
 Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.  
 There Enoch rested silent many days. 695

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,  
 Nor let him be, but often breaking in,  
 Told him, with other annals of the port,  
 Not knowing — Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,  
 So broken — all the story of his house. 700

His baby's death, her growing poverty,  
How Philip put her little ones to school,  
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,  
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth  
Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance 705  
No shadow past, nor motion: any one,  
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale  
Less than the teller; only when she closed,  
"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,"  
He, shaking his gray head pathetically, 710  
Repeated muttering, "cast away and lost;"  
Again in deeper inward whispers, "lost!"

But Enoch yearned to see her face again;  
"If I might look on her sweet face again  
And know that she is happy." So the thought  
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,  
At evening when the dull November day  
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.  
There he sat down gazing on all below;  
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,  
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by 721  
The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,  
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures

The bird of passage, till he madly strikes 725  
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,  
The latest house to landward; but behind,  
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,  
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd; 730  
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,  
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk  
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:  
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole  
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence  
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs  
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board  
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:  
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw 740  
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,  
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;  
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,  
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,  
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand 745  
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring  
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,



Caught at, and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:  
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw  
The mother glancing often toward her babe, 750  
But turning now and then to speak with him,  
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,  
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld  
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe 755  
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,  
And his own children tall and beautiful,  
And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
Lord of his rights and of his children's love — 760  
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,  
Because things seen are mightier than things  
heard,  
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and  
fear'd  
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom, 765  
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,  
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,

And feeling all along the garden wall,  
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be  
found,  
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed, 771  
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,  
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his  
knees  
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug 775  
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

“Too hard to bear! why did they take me  
thence?

O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou  
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,  
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness 780  
A little longer! aid me, give me strength  
Not to tell her, never to let her know.  
Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
My children too! must I not speak to these?  
They know me not. I should betray myself. 785  
Never: no father's kiss for me — the girl  
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.”

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a  
little

And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced  
Back toward his solitary home again, 790  
All down the long and narrow street he went  
Beating it in upon his weary brain,  
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,  
"Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve 795  
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore  
Prayer from a living source within the wall,  
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,  
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,  
Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife,"  
He said to Miriam, "that you spoke about, 801  
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"  
"Ay, ay, poor soul," said Miriam, "fear enow!  
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,  
Why, that would be her comfort;" and he  
thought 805  
"After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,  
I wait His time;" and Enoch set himself,  
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.  
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.

Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought 810  
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd  
At lading and unlading the tall barks,  
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;  
Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:  
Yet since he did but labor for himself, 815  
Work without hope, there was not life in it  
Whereby the man could live; and as the year  
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day  
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came  
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually 820  
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,  
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed,  
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.  
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck  
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall 825  
The boat that bears the hope of life approach  
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw  
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope  
On Enoch thinking, "after I am gone, 830  
Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last."  
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said  
"Woman, I have a secret — only swear,

Before I tell you — swear upon the book  
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.” 835  
“Dead,” clamor’d the good woman, “hear him  
talk;  
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.”  
“Swear,” added Enoch sternly, “on the book.”  
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.  
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her, 840  
“Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?”  
“Know him?” she said, “I knew him far away.  
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;  
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.”  
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer’d her: 845  
“His head is low, and no man cares for him.  
I think I have not three days more to live;  
I am the man.” At which the woman gave  
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.  
“You Arden, you! nay — sure he was a foot 850  
Higher than you be.” Enoch said again,  
“My God has bow’d me down to what I am;  
My grief and solitude have broken me;  
Nevertheless, know you that I am he  
Who married — but that name has twice been  
changed — 855  
I married her who married Philip Ray.

Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,  
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,  
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,  
 And how he kept it. As the woman heard, 860  
 Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,  
 While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly  
 To rush abroad all round the little haven,  
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;  
 But awed and promise-bounden she forbore, 865  
 Saying only, "See your bairns before you go!  
 Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose  
 Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung  
 A moment on her words, but then replied:

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last, 870  
 But let me hold my purpose till I die.  
 Sit down again; mark me and understand,  
 While I have power to speak. I charge you  
 now

When you shall see her, tell her that I died  
 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her; 875  
 Save for the bar between us, loving her  
 As when she lay her head beside my own.  
 And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw  
 So like her mother, that my latest breath

Was spent in blessing her and praying for  
her.

And tell my son that I died blessing him. 881  
And say to Philip that I blest him too;  
He never meant us anything but good.  
But if my children care to see me dead,  
Who hardly knew me living, let them come, 885  
I am their father; but she must not come,  
For my dead face would vex her after-life.  
And now there is but one of all my blood,  
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:  
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it, 890  
And I have borne it with me all these years,  
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;  
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,  
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,  
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her: 895  
It will moreover be a token to her,  
That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane  
Made such a voluble answer promising all,  
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her  
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again 900  
She promised.

Then the third night after this,  
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,  
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,  
There came so loud a calling of the sea,  
That all the houses in the haven rang. 905  
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,  
Crying with a loud voice "A sail! a sail!  
I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.  
And when they buried him the little port 910  
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.



## NOTES

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6. *Down*. Stretches of elevated land near the sea covered with fine turf.

7. *Barrows*. Burial mounds found in England and supposed to have been made by the Danes when they invaded England.

18. *Fluke*. The broad part of the anchor which fastens to the ground.

26. *Still*. Always.

39. *Either*. That is, both.

51. *Leagues*. About three English miles.

53. *Merchantman*. A trading vessel.

54. *Full sailor*. That is, an excellent seaman.

68. *Feather*. That is, where the woods began to grow thinner.

94. *Osier*. A basket made of willow twigs.

96. *Market-cross*. An old stone cross is found in the market-place of many English villages.

98. *Lion-whelp*. That is, a family shield bearing a lion over the door of the hall, or English country house.

99. *Yewtree*. In old time gardens yew-trees were often pruned into the form of a peacock.

100. *Friday*. A day of abstinence in the Catholic Church and the eating of meat is forbidden.

103. *Haven*. Harbor.

123. *Boatswain*. A ship's officer who has charge of the crew.

131. *Offing*. That part of the sea remote from shore.

186. *Mystery*. That is, the mystery of prayer.

222. *Cares*. See I. *Peter*, v., 7.

223. *Uttermost*. See *Psalm* 139.

226. *Sea is His*. *Psalm* 95.

326. *Garth*. An enclosed yard or garden.

337. *Conies*. Rabbits.

339. *Charitable*. That is, so that it might not seem like a gift of charity.

370. *Just*, etc. Compare this line with 67. The repetition serves to bind together the parts of the poem.

376. *Whitening*. Hazel nuts are a grayish white when ripe.

415. *Kin*. Blood relations.

416. *Burthen*. Burden, care.

470. *Calculation*. Impatient because their predictions did not come true.

491. *Holy Book*. The practise of opening a book and interpreting the first passage on which the eye falls as a personal message is very ancient. Christians of all ages have used the Bible in this way.

494. *Under*, etc. *Judges*, iv., 5.

499. *Hosanna*. See *Matt.*, XXI., 8.
527. *Summer*. The equator.
528. *Cape*. Cape Horn.
532. *Golden isles*. Japan and the islands off the coast of China.
533. *Oriental*. Eastern.
563. *Stem*. The trunk of a tree.
568. *Lawns*. Long stretches of green turf.
572. *Convolvuluses*. A kind of trailing plant; the bindweed.
575. *Belt*. The ocean which, according to the ancients, encircled the world.
582. *Zenith*. That portion of the heavens directly overhead.
597. *Paused*. He had become so much a part of nature.
601. *Line*. The equator or the equinoctial circle.
638. *Sweet water*. Fresh, not sea water.
657. *Ghostly*. Because of the white chalk cliffs of the south coast.
671. *Holt*. A thicket, a wooded hill.
671. *Tilth*. Cultivated land; land that has been turned over by the plough.
688. *Timber-crost*. A house made of plaster crossed with timber, like Shakespeare's birthplace. English villages contain many such houses.
724. *Signal fire*. Such means of warning or summons

were common in days when travel was difficult. The blaze fascinates the bird as candle light the moth.

728. *Latest*. Last.

733. *Shingle*. Gravel.

789. *Tranced*. A state in which he lost all consciousness of outward things.

803. *Enow*. A country expression for "enough."

810. *Cooper*. One who makes casks and barrels.

865. *Bounden*. An earlier form of the participle "bound."

911. *Costlier*. This was the only way in which they could show the reverence that his sacrifice inspired.

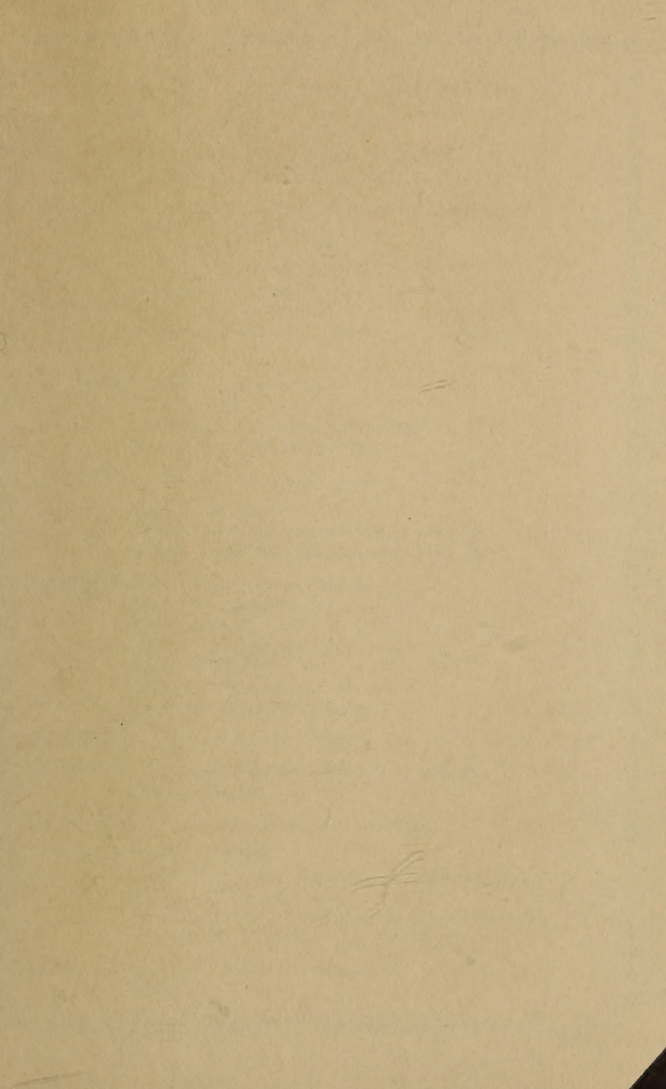














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